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Bard

= = = = =

The denser number now weaken the connection.
Digit meant pointer counter touch you light between the eyes.
Tender downy ridge where future's storied stored.
Trust [me] there then trust [me] anywhere.
In darkened sky the air relents the temperature ballet.
Sweet as sweating on a simmer day.

Lofty landfill with blue methane burning off.
Pick another number and divide by me.
He stood in flames like one who has a message to deliver.
We tried to listen but heard only the environment.
In Muir Woods again the spider answered the riddle it is the sun.
Then the famous moonbeams came and made us hear.

Will somebody please answer the painting on the wall.
We carry you with us in all our future lives.
You don't have to remember the past you're still in it.
The past is all around you now if it ever was.
Suddenly everything small I hold it all in my hand.
I am held in someone else's hand the fugue.

No names no norms just the *fishy depths of sea*.

Numinous vacancy *nemus* a holy woods.

Leftover language with a billion hearts to fill.

This thing in your hand imagine it in your hand.

Can you feel the vowels of its being there.

What makes *dubious desires* Dante calls.

Unscroll the sky a different one.

In worlds around meal this has happened still.

Conscious life of kindness catches on.

These things have left me in their wake.

Years of running on to learn to stop.

Crows reminding raindrops too.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

As if I were living in America
and the bee hovering here into the rose of Sharon
were my bee, or I her man

and the road you hardly notice in all this green
till a car goes by on its way to work
and if it were morning of a soft moist day

and everything is inside of something else.

25 July 2011

TIME

is not mine to waste.

Time belongs

to the other

and is her due.

25.VII.11

= = = = =

Different things for the same word.

A ghost in the yew hedge you see.

The tribal on its way back to the animal.

The veiled woman is the specter of society.

Men bare their heads in certain churches.

Are they letting something or something out.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

All morning I've sat
watching the roses
both of us drowsy
and doing damn all.

Bees make use of
them I wonder do
hovering thoughts
make use of me.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

So thronged with angels and earthlords and elves
you can hardly walk a country lane
elbowing your way through.

Disguised as gravity, temperature, humidity, wind
they are the resistance you push against.
And some weave tree roots to snag our feet.

Walk reverent through this vast population,
these citizens of silence and invisibility
who move through us as we through them.

I wonder if their will is freer than ours.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

But how free
and who feels how
like the old moves
when the mousy teacher
takes off her glasses
lets down her hair
and we change
before her eyes
into desirers
we salute the signals
we are given
faithful helots of the heart
or whatever organ
swells with blood
at the swirling permission
of that liberated hair?

26 July 2011

ΠΥΓΜΑΛΙΩΝ

One thing at whose time
never? The young miracle.
Walk on the moorland
or hide in the car?

Work.

The hope of having
bodies. The work. Chop
up the fallen tree.
Hang the roof from heaven,
heal. This house
wants some of you.

Take the face I gave you
and stare back at me.
You are not just a woman
you are the green itself
in which I live.
I mean nothing but what I made.
Receive me.
Let me also be.

26 July 2011

= = = = =

Imagine this as it is
a cloud halfway up a mountain

you knew it from Nepal
cloud valleys

and sometimes we are higher than the cloud
and sometimes the rain comes sudden

feathering the canvas overhead
then pelting wildly hailing and hard

then it's all over and the ground is wet
that's all, and that's what things are like

they come and go so fast
and we're here ever after

wondering what such things mean
and how we can be them too.

26 July 2011

= = = = =

Dark woodwork church
the gloom of belief
when we have belonged
too long to a book
and the book is tired
and the glass in the window
for all its color seems
to say dreariness is best
a hymn you don't need a hymnal
for the words bored into you
long ago and the air
around you is warm and stale.
Warm and stale like
the people you are when you are.

26 July 2011

= = = = =

Hiding behind roses like so many meanings.
Wanted to embed itself inside the shape.
The contour not the contents the world is pure.
The meat inside is food for someone else.
What bread the angels nibble while we fawn.
The fugue is gone only the bright light's on.

Jogging past Jesus on the way to self.
Maybe when they arrive they'll find an empty house.
Maybe I'll be there before them baffled as they are.
Sometimes the sacred and the civic are the same.
Outside the city is all the way in.
Wolves follow fleeter prey across the mind swept plain.

Quick rescue music from the blue sky.
The river of sixes flows from Aphrodite's chair.
Special sun that golds the middle of the night.
The cushions on her throne bear marks we learn to read.
Scratches from lovers' fingernails infect with lastingness.
Our human job to finish up what time began.

27 June 2011

= = = = =

Too near the end to see the finish line
the mind of the mower must be weary
from the stale ecstasy of fresh-cut grass.

They say the smell comes from the grass's pain,
we love our feelings so much we can't feel anybody else's,
radiant sophomores wiser than their mentors.

27 July 2011

NOTHING BUT NEVER

The sixes slip over the hips
and slide to the floor
a fountain of cloth
from the body seems to rise
and flow up towards me.

For seeming is all.

This ode
rehearses the ancient
miracles of yesterday,
boy in a boat, eagle
screamed three times above us,
rain from a blue sky.

The accurate wife, the husband
testing the waters of silence.
And then Achilles spoke
from his hear-house: listen
I understood the self wrongly,
death neither ennobles nor dismisses.
The land of shadows is a long holiday,
awkward education, quiet surgery
and then someone is here again
who doesn't have to be me anymore.
I am you now. Among you

we both grow
a little wiser than we were (they were)
before.

Slowly,
Towards the light
that is no flame,
the color broken open,
bird at the top of the sky
who screams three times
and wheels around us,
marks us for our own.
Death taught me none of this
but the blue sky did.

28 July 2011

RIVER WITNESSES

Such things the river sees.
Stand by the banks
and make gestures. These
are mirrored, they answer
you and flow south
every molecule of that water
bearing your image,
 the word
your body is and said.

Past the cliffs and cruel subdivisions,
the city proper, harbormouth, the sea.

What you do to water you do to everyone.

28 July 2011

= = = = =

Some darkness came over me.
Some darkness came over my need for you.
My sense of you
broke a little bit.
A kind of sacrilege happened between us.

Strangely silenced of your answer.
Me being as I am
I assumed I had done something wrong.
Something with someone
in it that was not you. Who.

I think our images shimmered
in each other, grew unreliable,
changed. Faded.
Silence is something also you can see.

28 July 2011

= = = = =

Something is bothering the crows.

Someone is in the woods—

fox, fisher, wildcat, man—

they think shouldn't be.

These trees are the Lady Chapel

and none should be in there

but themselves and the small citizens

who say the prayer of silence.

Pay the tax of quietness.

Crows are the vergers of this place,

their cries the keys—

they seem calmer now though

having explained all this.

28 July 2011

TEMPLE

protect it above all
from the Templars
rescue churches from the priests

give the Vatican back
to those old half-conscious poets
who spoke when it was still a hill

the voices of so many gods.

28 July 2011

= = = = =

I'm not sure

I'm not you.

Are you?

28.VII.11